EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — NO. 21. BOSTON, JUNE 20, 1886. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

WHAT LOVE WROUGHT.

IT is a familiar story how a century ago, in the north of England, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sunlight striking through a slanted window revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fine design, the master set him to work in the shadow of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to this other marvellous face which he had wrought there, — the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon the face, they said, "This is the grandest work of all. Love wrought this."

EVERYBODY BUT YOU.

"SHUT this door; everybody shuts it but you." This queer sentence I once saw posted on the inside of one of the doors of a public building. At first I could not quite understand what it meant. Was it true that everybody else shut the door on going out of the building? Could it be that I alone of all the multitude passing in and out was careless about closing the door? Then the thought came into my mind that "everybody" meant all the individual men and women who like myself went in and out at this door. If each one of that multitude heeded the request to close the door, then it would be true that everybody closed it; and the only way to make sure that everybody would shut it was to persuade *each body* to do so. The *moral*, dear reader, I leave you to find out and apply.

OUR many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us, thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA.

THIS picture of Mary-mother and the Christ-child is one of the loveliest of Raphael's paintings. It is called the *Madonna del Granduca*, — that is, the Madonna of the Grand Duke, — because it belonged to the Duke of Tuscany, who was so fond of it that he took it about with him wherever he went, even into exile.

Let those of our readers who have kept their papers turn back to the Christmas Number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, and compare the picture of the Virgin and Child which is there given — the work of a modern artist — with this painting by Raphael. In Raphael's Madonna we see a grace and a tenderness which are not found in the modern picture. Mary is not only a loving mother; she is also a saintly woman. We feel that it is good to be in her presence, and that she is indeed worthy of being called "blessed among women." The Christ-child, too, is something more than a healthy babe, clinging timorously to its mother. There is a suggestion in this child of the love and truth which the Christ is to bring to men.

INFLUENCE.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

ALONE in the wide, bright meadow
A pale little blossom grew,
Whose life was an aspiration
To climb to the heavenly blue.

To the heart of its glad unfolding
The sun sent a burning ray.
Alas for the little blossom!
Fast fading, dying, it lay.

Then down from the pitying heavens
Came a swift, sweet rush of rain,
That gave to the heart of the flower
Its color and strength again.

It was only a passing shower;
Again blazed the sun's fierce ray;
But the tired little blossom
Held close in its heart all day,

As a talisman most precious,
One drop of the cooling dew,
And, with added strength of purpose,
Looked up again to the blue.

DUTY.

IT is well to remind ourselves, if we do not always remember it, that there are higher duties than the so-called duty of getting on in the world, and that there is something better than getting the best for ourselves. "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" — it is the message of Jehovah to Baruch, who had been lamenting his own ruined prospects in his ruined country — "seek them not. . . . But thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest." Better than all the selfish enterprise and cleverness which men are wont to praise, and which men are apt to strive for, is the quiet spirit which recognizes life as a gift from God, to be used as God directs, and which seeks no great thing for one's self, knowing that what God gives is for each one the best and the greatest of blessings. To do good to others is better than to do good to one's self; and simply and cheerfully to do the will of God is better than either. — *Sunday-School Times.*

ELLIOT'S FLOWER MISSION.

A Pussy-willow Story.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

WHEN the willows began to bud this year a kind friend gave me a handful of the pretty branches. It was good to see these sure heralds of spring after months of long, snowy winter, and I hung one great spreading branch full of silvery buds on the wall of my room, that every morning when I opened my eyes the bright little things might be there to bid me "good-morning." One night when I went up to my room, I said to myself, "What shall I tell the children for a story to-morrow?" not dreaming I could be overheard. But the very next morning when the early sunbeams came dancing into the room and waked me, my dear, helpful little pussy-willows not only wished me "good-morning" as usual, but began at once to tell me a story. Was n't it good of them? I am sure, although they did not tell me this, that they welcomed the chance of doing something for the children, because they had paid a visit to a kindergarten lately, where the children were very glad to see them, — so glad that they sung a blithe little song about the willow-buds and the spring-time.

My pussy-willows began by telling about the place where they grew, — a few miles out of the city, on the bank of a little stream, almost under the shadow of the Milton Hills. Here they were happy all day long, shining in the sunlight and listening to the song of the water as it hurried by. What do you think it said? Why, "Spring is coming! Spring is coming!" over and over again in a sweet little ripple of sound. Then a bird would come and perch himself on a willow branch, and out of his tiny throat would come such a glad song, "Spring is coming!" And the pussy-willows waved about in the wind and sunlight to make all the shining they could, which was *their* way of saying "Spring is coming!" Oh, it was a happy time!

One March morning the pussy-willows heard a new voice, — a child's voice, — saying, "Auntie May, is the spring really coming?" and looking up, saw in the road above them a pair of brown eyes and a fresh rosy face, whose little owner had come out of town with his aunt, to see if they could find the spring-time.

"Look all about you, Elliot, and tell me if you see anything that looks like spring," said Auntie May. Little Elliot turned slowly round, and suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, the hills! They look so warm, don't they, auntie?"

Auntie May looked up at the blue, sunny heights as if she loved them, and answered: "Yes; the hills do look as if they were thinking of the fresh leaves and columbines and violets that will come to them in a few weeks. Do you see anything else, Elliot, nearer than the hills?"

"I see the water — how it sparkles! And I see — oh, Auntie May, what *is* it that shines so down there?"

"Come and find out," she said, smiling and holding out her hand. Down they ran, over crisp mosses and through bushes, till laughing and breathless they stopped beside the great clump of pussy-willows on the very edge of the stream. Elliot had never seen any pussy-willows growing, and he danced about and clapped his hands, he was so pleased with the pretty sight.

"See, auntie, I am shaking hands with the spring!" he said laughing, seizing a branch and moving it up and down. They gathered a quantity to take home, and wandered about, finding pretty red cups in the mosses under foot, and looking off to the blue hills, till a distant whistle gave notice that the train was coming, and they must return to the city. They hurried back to the station, reaching it just as the train came thundering along. People looked up as they entered the car, and smiled to see the two bright faces and the load of silvery branches. Auntie May was carrying the pussy-willows, all but one branch very full of soft buds that Elliot thought the prettiest of all, and carried himself with great care.

"I shall give the others away; but this one I mean to keep always in the vase in mamma's room," he said.

Just then a little child who sat in front of them caught sight of it, and held out her hands, saying, "Bessie wants it." Elliot shrank back, and shook his head.

"Give to Bessie," said the little one, in a sweet, coaxing voice.

"You give her one, Auntie May," said Elliot.

Auntie May held out another branch; but no, little Bessie would n't have it. She wanted the one in Elliot's hand; and now her lip began to quiver and curl, the tears to fill her blue eyes, and she hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"You must excuse her," said the mother to Auntie May; "she is so little, and we have been travelling since yesterday morning, so she is very tired."

"*Must* I give it to her?" whispered Elliot in distress.

"You may do just as you like, dear. It would be very hard to give away your pretty branch; but perhaps if you think how tired the little girl has been all the morning, with nothing to amuse her, while you and I were having such a good time out in the sunshine, you may like to give your pussy-willows to her, and have her happiness to remember when you think of to-day."

Elliot thought and thought. It *was* hard, — harder even than Auntie May knew. He looked at his branch, and it seemed as if the buds grew larger and more beautiful every minute. But just before they reached Boston he made up his mind, and leaning over put his pussy-willows in little Bessie's hand. Then he left the car, and skipped along at Auntie May's side with such a bright face that people meeting them thought, "That little boy has been having a good time."

Bessie was very much pleased with her new plaything. She kissed it and cooed to it like a little dove, and drew it across her cheek, as her mother carried her into the ladies' room and sat down to wait for Bessie's papa, who was coming to meet them. The mother was glad her little one was happy again; but Bessie danced about so that her tired arms could hardly hold her.

A lady sitting near thought, "How tired she looks! and how her arms must ache carrying that child! I wonder if the little one would come to me." She held out her hands to Bessie with such a warm encouraging smile that the child went to her at once. Then what a good time had Bessie, for the lady played with her, and sung to her, and told her stories while the mother rested, till at last Bessie's papa came to claim his little girl. She was sorry to leave this new friend who had been so kind to her, even to go with her papa. And what do you think she did as she was going away? She turned half round in her papa's arms with a bright smile, and reached out her pussy-willows to the lady. Was it not a pretty way of saying, "Thank you?" You see the willow branch had once more changed owners.

The lady went out of the station, and stepped into a horse-car, thinking, "What shall I do with the pussy-willows? I think as a little child gave them to me I would like to make another child happy with them." She rode on and on, and at last stopped the car before a certain large building, whose windows had a wide, sunny outlook. As she went in here she heard the sound of children's voices up-stairs. The laughter and talking were not loud, but sounded as if the little ones were having a quiet, good time. Following the sound, she came to a large sunny room, where some children were at play. Toys were scattered about the floor, bright pictures hung on the walls, flowering plants stood in the windows, and the room had a very cheerful look. There was one strange thing about it, however: it held a number of little white beds, and in almost every bed was a child, lying quietly, and watching the three or four who were dressed, and playing about the floor.

The lady said, "Good-morning, children," and they all answered, "Good-morning, Miss Alice," and seemed so glad to see her that I think she must have been there many times before. She went about from one little bed to another, speaking a few pleasant words to each sick child. She showed them her pussy-willows, and told how she came by them, and the children were pleased to hear about little Bessie. Then Miss Alice sang a spring song, beginning, —

"The alder by the river
Shakes out her powd'ry curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls."

She had a sweet voice, and the children loved to hear her sing. All the little faces grew bright, thinking about the spring-time and the flowers. Then Miss Alice went away; but first she said, "Where shall I leave my pussy-willows? I want to leave them with some one who will take very good care of them."

"Oh, give them to me!" "To me!" "To me!" cried the eager voices. But one child, lying pale and quiet on a little bed in the corner, only looked up wistfully, and smiled at Miss Alice.

"I will give my pussy-willows to Maggie because she has to lie still all day, and cannot play at all, as the most of you can. Would you like that?" said Miss Alice. And all the children answered "Yes."

So there the pussy-willows were left in the Children's Hospital, their soft fur pressed close to Maggie's pale little face, and making her very happy. Do you think little Elliot would have liked to see his pussy-willows there? But he knew nothing about it. He never dreamed how many people had been made happy that day by the one little branch it was so hard for him to give away in the morning.

I wonder if that little branch was given away to any one else, — if it kept on making people happy. Would n't you like to know? I wish I could tell you; but you must remember this is my pussy-willows' story, not mine, and they told me nothing further. Make friends with the pussy-willows, and you may hear the rest of the story, and be able to tell me some day.

You do not understand how pussy-willows can talk? They can talk, — not in words, perhaps; but my pussy-willows did tell me just what I have told you. You think it is only to the grown-up people they tell stories? They began to talk to me when

I was a very little girl, — the pussy-willows and all lovely out-of-door things, — and every year they tell me something new. Many of the sweetest and happiest things I ever knew have been told me by the willow-buds, the rosy little clover blossoms, and the dear golden rod.

Listen to them, children, and see if some day you have n't a story to tell me!

LITTLE CHISGITA.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

ONE day I was busy with my flowers in the corridor, when I heard a gentle tap at the door. "Quien es?" (Who is that?) I called out, as is the custom of the country. "Jo," (I,) answered a child's voice. In that country we always asked the same question, and always received the same reply. I don't know why everybody did so, for when the answer came, nobody was the wiser. But everybody did, and so I followed the custom.

Some one opened the door, and there stood a boy with a bird-cage.

"No, tell him I don't want them," I said, before he had time to ask me to buy them. You see, every day people brought birds, and animals, and all sorts of things, to sell to the "strange lady." I was busy too, and I dare say I was a little cross at the interruption. There was war also in the country, and many people sold their household treasures in order to buy food. Every day I listened to piteous stories, and I never knew whether they were true or not. But just as the boy turned away, I caught a glimpse of a sad, pale little face, — a face so pinched, that I think he could have had nothing to eat that day. I could n't let him go, when perhaps he needed food.

"Come back," I called, and the little fellow turned with a sad smile toward me.

"What have you?" I asked.

"*Chisgas*, Señora."

Now, I did n't know what a *chisga* was, and I don't suppose many of my readers do. So I looked in the little cage made of basket work, and I did n't know any better then. There were two little miserable bodies, two big heads, some pin-feathers, and two big beaks wide open; and they looked as forlorn and half-starved as did the little boy. I bought them on the spot. I gave the boy twenty cents, which was a fortune to him. He told me they could eat, but I did n't believe him. However, he had the money, and I had two miserable little birds, which I knew could n't feed themselves, and it looked to me very doubtful if they would even live over the night.

"Damiana!" I called to one of the servants. "Come here! What 's a *chisga*?"

"Oh, Señora!" she replied, "it is a most beautiful bird, and sings like heaven."

This was encouraging, so I said, "Well, Damiana, here are two of them. You must feed them, for they cannot feed themselves, and take good care of them." And she did do her best, though one of the little skeletons died that night. The other flourished and grew strong. And I am going to tell you about my *chisgita*, which is only another name for a "dear little *chisga*." All Spanish people are fond of calling their pets "dear little things," and as they can do so by simply adding *ita* to a word, it is very easily spoken.

I did not see my *chisgita* for several days. When I did see him, he was hopping about the garden as merrily as possible. He was a tiny little thing not as large as a canary, and about the color of the dark canaries. Somehow, he always managed to lose his tail-feathers, which made him seem smaller. Indeed, I began to be afraid lest some of us might step on him, he was so tiny; for the little fellow was very tame, and liked nothing better than to come hopping around the corridor and into the dining-room.

Every morning the laundress would wash the towels on the stones in the back-yard, pouring the water over the stones. That was another custom they had in that country. Then the little *chisgita* came for his bath. He would stand and coax, and fly up on the basin of water, and scold if the woman did not pay attention. I think she liked to tease the little mite. But she was very fond of him and always gave him a bath. He exacted two basins of water, and bathed and plumed himself with great delight. Then he would fly to a wild fuchsia which was trained on the wall, and "sing like heaven." It seemed as if the little fellow's throat would burst in his joy and happiness.

When sudden showers came up, with thunder and gusts of wind, the whole family always flew to find the *chisgita*. We need n't have done so. He was small, but he could take care of himself, and we always found him safely tucked away in the kitchen or the ironing-room, — the warmest places in the house. But he was so tiny he could hide easily, even on the kitchen table behind a plate; and many a hunt we had for him.

Dearly he loved to come into the parlor when I had callers. He seemed to know that we always had a bit of cake or biscuit, and we would hear his little feet on the straw matting. Fear he had not of man or beast, and to see the tiny creature fight for his rights, was very funny. He was, of course, a great favorite with visitors, who always inquired for him.

"Where 's Chisgita?" they would ask; and I would answer, "Oh! he 's in the violet bed, or in his favorite fuchsia. He 'll be in presently." And in a minute he would patter along, fly up our dresses or on to the sofa for his rations.

But Chisgita had one very serious fault. I hope none of these little readers have the same. He never knew when he had had enough. He would eat till he could hardly balance himself, and then retreat to the corner of the sofa, rolling over again and again before he got there. Then he would go to sleep, but he would tumble over while asleep. He was the most perfect picture of a glutton I ever saw.

Dear little Chisgita! I left him in that far away land. I felt sorry to part with him, but Damiana still cares for him, and he still "sings like heaven" to her.

TENDERNESS FOR OLD AGE.

Translated from the French.

ONE day Parini, an Italian professor, was irritated with a young man who had been reported to him as having committed a serious fault. Soon after he met him on a street just as his pupil, raising an old monk from the ground, showed a noble anger against the wretches who had pushed the poor man down into the mud. Signor Parini aided also the old man, and then passing his arm around the neck of his scholar, said to him, "A moment ago I had a bad opinion of you; now that I have seen your respect for old age, there are few virtues that I do not think you possess."

History and Biography.

THE STORY OF A CONQUEROR.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

A GREAT many years ago, a baby was born in the palace of Philip, king of Macedon, which gave great joy. The little prince was named Alexander, and he began life under a shower of blessings. His royal parents loved him devotedly. His care and early training was given to the noble lady Lanika, who planted many good and practical lessons in his young mind. Alexander's next instructor was a Greek, and the child was given two famous poems to learn, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Nothing delighted him so much as to read about wars and conquests. He was a good scholar, and learned rapidly, and also was taught various athletic pursuits, and how to ride and govern a horse.

Alexander was about thirteen when a superb black horse with a white spot on his forehead was brought to King Philip. The horse was named Bucephalus. He was strong, high-spirited, and half tamed. Every attempt to subdue the restless animal was made, but no one could be found equal to the task. One person after another failed to gain any control over him, and Philip decided to send Bucephalus away, as a furious, useless animal which he did not want. Alexander stood by, watching eagerly all that went on. He was very fond of horses, and begged to be allowed to try to tame the fierce Bucephalus. Philip consented. Alexander had noticed fear in the eyes of the horse, and wondered what could make him afraid. He saw that he stood in such a way as to cause a deep shadow of himself, and fancied he was startled by his own shadow. Quickly the courageous prince turned his head towards the sun, and the shadow disappeared. Alexander then stroked Bucephalus gently, and saw that he grew quiet under his words and gentle hand. Soon he leaped upon his back, and firmly kept his seat, despite his prancing and leaping. He used neither whip nor spur. He treated the horse as if he had reason, and it was his duty to quiet his fears, and teach him how to yield easily to his master hand. At last Alexander's efforts to tame Bucephalus ended. The horse was reduced to perfect obedience. Alexander sat quietly on his back, and rode around among the spectators of his daring exploit, rejoicing and triumphant at his success as a horse-tamer. King Philip was proud and delighted with this feat of horsemanship in his son. He gave him Bucephalus for his own use, and the horse served him faithfully as long as he lived.

This was Alexander's first conquest. He was soon placed under the care of Aristotle. He learned a great deal from books, and aided his father in the affairs of the nation, but quite neglected to learn how to govern his own fiery temper, and grew self-willed and over-bearing to his inferiors. Seven years passed. King Philip was murdered by his subjects, and Alexander was called to the throne when he was twenty years old. This elevated position quickly awakened the energy and ambition of his nature, and war and conquest occupied every thought. Greece, Syria, Persia, Egypt, yielded to his power one after the other. He was the great conqueror of the East. He poured out the blood of thousands and thousands upon his ambition, and wept because there were no more nations for him to conquer, but he could *not conquer himself*.

Our Letter-Box.

The Editor would like to call the attention of his readers to the Old Testament Enigma printed below. He hopes they will interest themselves to find out the answer, and send it to him. He would also like to have them write in their own words, for the Letter-Box, the story which is partially told in the Enigma.

Of the riddles given in this number, the first three are Chinese, — some of the very riddles the children of the "Celestial Empire," with their bobbing queues, ask each other. They will interest the children who *don't* wear queues, as well. The fourth riddle is Scotch, and very old. For the benefit of those who do not understand the Scotch language it may be explained that a "brae" is a hill-side. Guess the riddles, and when you send the story enclose the answers with it.

OLD TESTAMENT ENIGMA.

ON A STORY IN THE BOOK OF JUDGES.

I am composed of 65 letters. My first seven letters caused the Philistines much trouble; the remaining letters spell it out, and from the whole you are to read the story of a great man's life.

My 65, 17, 23, 42, 11, 46, is the man's name.

My 30, 17, 62, 26, 32, 14, was his father's name.

My 13, 3, 50, 46, 1, 18, 29, was the home of the woman he married.

My 6, 3, 34, 62, he once met and killed on his way there.

My 21, 1, 27, 48, 22, 64, 16, — 8, 25, — 39, 29, 60, — 6, 3, 11, 46, contained in time something that he ate.

My 52, 15, 49, 57, 61, he made on the occasion of his marriage.

My 54, 3, 5, 5, 6, 59, he amused his guests with at his wedding.

My 38, 32, 6, 65, 60, his wife became because of it.

My 42, 6, 51, 58, — 36, 29, 63, 50, he did to her people in revenge.

My 58, 3, 12, 19, he lost through his revenge.

My 21, 37, 54, 46, is what he destroyed as further vengeance.

My 39, 14, 2, 7, 24, — 10, 40, 53, 9, 64, 49, 62, 4, is the number of men who came there to take him prisoner.

My 45, 46, 41, — 43, 56, 3, 20, 4, is the number of them he slew.

My 1, 64, 42, is what he obtained his weapon from.

My 4, 31, 6, 3, 6, 22, 29, was a woman he loved.

My 14, 3, 57, — 65, 28, 44, 7, 62, 47, 36, 56, she sought to find the source of.

My 29, 1, 3, 27, was its source.

My 21, 35, 55, — 3, 61, — 8, 25, 52, is what she did to it.

My 65, 3, 47, 29, 55, 6, 31, 64, 57, her people caused him to become.

My 12, 19, 28, 33, 15, 54, 57, they bound him with.

My 47, 27, 3, 46, 5, he had to do in the prison.

Yet 28, 40, 45, 35, 65, 17, 62, 4, 57, perished with him after all, and by means of his own strength.

Y.

ENIGMA XXI.

My first is in boys, but not in men;
My second is in ink, but not in pen;
My third is in bait, but not in fish;
My fourth is in bowl, but not in dish;
My fifth is in wren, but not in rook;
My whole is the name of a sacred book.

W. W. S.

SOME RIDDLES.

1. What is the fire that has no smoke, and the water that has no fish?

2. What are the eyes of heaven, and the looking-glass of the sea?

3. What is it that has a gaping mouth, and marches on like an invading army, devouring at every step?

4. "Banks full and braes full;
Gather ye all day you 'll not gather your hands full."
What is it?

CHARADE VII.

A thing of air my first you 'll find;
My second, full of airs, —
A winsome thing, whose gravest thought
May be of fêtes or fairs.
My whole, with Christian zeal inflamed
To Gentiles preached the Word,
With Paul, at Corinth, telling men
Of him we call our Lord.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLES.

I.

A consonant.
A small animal.
What the Every Other Sunday is made of.
A number.
A consonant.

II.

A letter.
A male child.
A kind of nut.
A negative.
A vowel.

III.

A letter.
A short sleep.
Term of address to a lady.
A hollow vessel.
A consonant.

W. W. S.

SQUARE WORD NO. 5.

1. One of the Prophets.
2. The first word uttered by children of every nation.
3. A Hebrew measure holding not quite a gallon.
4. The wife of Abraham.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA XVIII. IN NO. 19.

George Washington.

For Youngest Readers.

OUR LITTLE DOG.

His name is Marlo, and he is of the kind called pug-terrier. He is very intelligent and affectionate. He wears a collar with a padlock, and sometimes a bright ribbon. He is fawn-colored with a little white and black; his ears are like velvet. He cannot talk, but he makes his wants known in a way that cannot be misunderstood. He wags his tail when he is pleased; when he wants water, he makes a quick, lapping motion with his tongue. He will take his food from a fork, when so offered to him, in a quiet, gentle way.

His mistress gives him a bath once a week, and combs and brushes his short thick fur; this keeps him clean and free from such insects as irritate dogs and make them uncomfortable to themselves and to those around them. He does not seem to know how good this bath is for him, for when his mistress comes to him with her large work-apron on, he knows what she means to do, and he either lies down and pretends to be asleep, or he runs out of the house if he can.

Once he was heard howling in the night, and his mistress went to him to find what troubled him. His bed had been made on two chairs, placed together in the kitchen; she found the gas burning, and that it was midnight. It was out of the usual order of things for the gas to be burning at that hour, as he appeared to think. She put it out, and he then laid down and went to sleep.

He knows the difference between the ringing of the front door bell and the bell from the dining-room, and when he is in the kitchen, will bark if the former is rung. On coming home after an absence of three months, he sprang into my lap, and kissed me, in his way, on one cheek and then on the other. When told to "shake a paw," he will at once offer one for this greeting; and he will also "lie down and roll over," or spring through a ring formed by one's arms and clasped hands. He enjoys having a ball very much. When asked where it is, he will run in search of it, and eagerly bring it with the hope of play, which consists of some one's trying to get it from his mouth, and then tossing it for him to catch, which he generally does. He has destroyed several rubber balls, and now has them made of bright rags. Sometimes the ball is hidden for him to find, he having been put out of the room after it has been held up to him. When he is told to find it, he searches until he gets it. He does not like to have his mistress pay any attention to the cat, and if she does will turn his back and look vexed. When allowed to go with his mistress on her walks, he capers about joyfully; but when told that he cannot go, he looks mournful and lies down, or runs to the window to watch her until she is out of sight. If any one speaks to her or touches her rudely, he resents it with much spirit.

The other day he ran away and was gone a long time, and we were afraid we had lost him; he seemed delighted to see us on his return, and to be very hungry. His mistress told him that he "must not run away again." He looked very much mortified, and has behaved very well since.

I wish I had a picture of him to send you. If you do not have a dog, I hope you will have one, or a pet of some kind, and that you will take good care of it.

JUNE, the mother of all dear delights,

The fairest daughter of the year.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

SOME QUEER DOGS.

BY M. E. STEVENS.

PERHAPS some of the readers of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY would be interested in hearing something about the prairie dogs to be found in the Western States. Now I hear some one ask, "Why are they called prairie dogs?" for they do not resemble a dog at all. Well, let us talk about them and see what we can learn.

It is true they do not resemble a dog, and that they belong to the marmot family. When full grown they are about a foot long. Their color is like that of the dried grass in August, and when they run about in it, they can hardly be distinguished from the grass. Their bodies are thick, legs short and stout, feet large with five distinct claws, those on their fore feet being larger and stronger, so as to enable them to burrow in the earth. The head is small and looks like a rabbit's, — their ears are very small, and their little black eyes look like beads, the pupil seeming to cover the whole eye. A little stubbed tail, which they keep in perpetual motion, completes the picture. Perhaps it is this constant wagging of their tails — so like a dog — that gives them their name; or it may be their bark, which resembles a puppy's, and is always accompanied by a sudden and very quick jerk of those same small tails. Their tiny cheek-pouches, which they fill with small acorns or seeds, give them a funny appearance. The front or cutting teeth are large and prominent, which enables them to procure their food, which consists of grass, roots, seeds, and insects.

These queer dogs are to be found on the prairies and plains of the West, from Minnesota to Texas. Thousands are to be found in a single town, and for miles the ground is covered with their mounds. The dog town is generally laid out with some regularity. I think they must be timid little creatures, as they are generally seen sitting erect, each one by his hole, as if watching for something, and ready to be out of sight at the first approach of danger.

The prairie dog's house is a hole which he digs into the sandy soil. In digging they use their front feet and then their hind ones, throwing the dirt as fast as they can move, and they work very quickly. About the mouth of every hole is a mound of earth two or three feet in diameter, and eighteen inches or two feet high, built so as to keep the water in stormy weather from flooding their home.

It has been thought by some that prairie dogs could live without water, as their towns are found many miles from any streams or springs; but a French naturalist says that they dig wells of their own, burrowing many feet into the ground. The question might be asked whether the dogs have "Rooms to rent," as in every town rattlesnakes and burrowing owls are to be seen in large numbers. These creatures live with the prairie dogs, who seem to allow them to occupy the same house, although it is known that rattlesnakes eat the young of the dogs. Indeed, severe battles often ensue between them. As to the owls, there is some doubt in regard to their being anything more than friendly to the dogs.

It was once my pleasure to see a few of these curious little animals within an enclosure, and I had in that way an opportunity to observe them closely. While there I saw them eat; they sat on their hind legs just as a squirrel does, holding their food in their fore paws. At the slightest movement on my part they would dart into their holes as quick as lightning. It is said that they are easily tamed, and do not then stray away far from their home. But as I stood looking at them I could but think how much better it would be for them to have their freedom. All God's creatures seem to be happy when we do not torment them by putting them into cages or pens and calling it taming them. I like better to see all animals unconfined.

A YOUNG TRANSGRESSOR.

A True Story.

BY ADDIE LINCOLN SHATTUCK.

TEDDY was a little boy who lived in Boston, but he did not like the great city, — oh, no! He liked the fresh open air and the many advantages for play that the country affords much better. He was like the little girl who said she liked the country because there were no corners; for when she was at home in the city, and asked to go out to play, her mother always said: "Yes, Kitty; but don't go any farther than the corner."

Teddy well remembered the home where he was born, with the pretty little brook that babbled over the stones through the long summer, where he had spent many pleasant days sailing his tiny boats, and where — sad to relate! — he had had the usual number of watery experiences that befall the small boy. So when some friends of his mother came to make her a visit, and proposed spending a day at Nantasket Beach and taking Teddy as a sort of guide, he was very much pleased, not only to think of the good time he would have, but that he was to bear the responsibility and take charge of the party. For what boy does not like to feel a little sense of his own importance?

On board the steamer Teddy was interested in pointing out the different places of interest which make the trip down the Harbor so enjoyable.

There was the Farm School, where unruly boys from the city are sent, and put under the care of firm but kind people, who do all in their power to teach them to become strong and honorable men. They evidently have some freedom; for many of the boys are down on the shore having a jolly time fishing and bathing.

They pass that narrow strip of land called Nix's Mate, whose tragic story you must have all read in your history; and the forts with their high walls, which make Teddy long to see what is behind them. In the distance is Deer Island; and here is Spectacle Island, which at the present day hardly resembles a pair of spectacles enough to bear that name. But perhaps long years ago, when old Father Neptune held undisputed sway over this then unpeopled region, he *might* have lost his "specs," as very aged people are apt to do sometimes, I notice; and here they are, risen to the surface, with land and shrubbery on them, looking very much like the other islands around here. I cannot say *this* part of my story is true; but I know many strange things happened when gods and goddesses ruled this world.

And now the beach appears, and all too soon they are with the motley crowd that is hurrying to and fro on the pier. Teddy remembers the gallantry due the ladies, and secures them seats on the promenade; but he does not like to sit still, and as he is more interested in the Punch and Judy show than in the styles, he, with many promises that he "will come right back," is allowed to go and see that tragical comedy. This interests him for a short time only, for now he spies something that far excels the time-honored Punch and Judy, and forgetting all promises, he scampers off to join a group of children who are trying their skill at hitting what is called a "dodger." As all the other children have a little shovel, he thinks he would like one too to play with in the sand. So he takes some of the spending money his mamma had put in his pocket, and after investing in one and buying some candy, goes down on the hard, smooth beach to build forts, dig wells, and try to forget that still small voice which keeps telling him he is doing wrong in playing truant. He quiets his conscience by thinking he will go right back in a few moments; but the moments are in reality hours before he notices that the sun is shutting his sleepy eyes, and a leaden gray has stolen over the once bright waves. Then an awful fear comes over him. He has not only broken his promise, but perhaps his friends, who were obliged to return home that night, have gone on the steamer that is just pushing off from the pier. It does not take him long to leave his play, and run as fast as he can to where he left the ladies; but they have gone. He has not money enough to pay his fare back. What shall he do? There is but one thing to do, and that is to walk home on the railroad track. This he undertakes, with a heroism worthy of a young Napoleon. It seems a long way to his short legs, and he sits down more than once to rest, and wonders if he will ever see his mother's face and home again. Still trudging on, he arrives at Hull. Here the steamer is waiting for the hour of departure. Perhaps if he should tell his misfortunes to the kindly-faced captain, he would take the few remaining pennies in his pocket for his fare; so, nothing daunted, he steps boldly up, and tells his story. The captain gives a jolly laugh on hearing it, and after asking "how much he is worth," tells him it will be "all right," and to save his money to pay his car fare with. So, with many thanks, he is soon curled up in a cosey corner of the cabin, and is sound asleep.

And what of the folks at home all this time? Gathered together in the family sitting-room enjoying the light, warmth, and music, they are very much surprised to see a tired, dirty, hungry boy enter the room, — none other than Teddy himself, safe home at last. The friends had gone directly to their own homes; so Teddy's mamma had not known of his extreme impoliteness to them, and he had to suffer the disgrace of telling the whole story himself.

Teddy is quite a big boy now, but he never has forgotten the lesson learned that day. "*The way of the transgressor is hard.*"

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE May meeting of the society was held in the Second Church, Boston, on May 27. A large audience was present and listened attentively for nearly two hours and a half to a series of excellent addresses from laymen and clergymen. The speakers were, — Mr. J. O. Norris, Col. Carroll D. Wright, Mr. Charles A. Murdock, of San Francisco, and the Revs. E. C. Butler, S. R. Calthrop, C. R. Eliot, and T. R. Slicer.

Teachers' Department.

MEETING OF LADY TEACHERS.

Held in Second Church, Boston, May 25, 1886.

This meeting had for its purpose the discussion of methods of Sunday-school teaching. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells presided, and opened the meeting by calling upon Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, Secretary of the Sunday-School Society, to say a few words. Mr. Spaulding began by congratulating the ladies upon the number present and welcomed them to Boston. He wished to say for the benefit of schools using the graded system, that the Sunday-School Society published a large number of books adapted to such a system. The Society also issues Lessons on the "one-topic" plan. The Lessons on the Teachings of Jesus, issued the past year, have been widely used. Next year a new series of Lessons on "Lives and Deeds" will be commenced, the lessons for the first year to be upon Bible characters, to be prepared by Rev. C. F. Dole and Rev. H. G. Spaulding. All these could be used in the graded system and supplied a need. Mr. Spaulding urged those teachers who prepare manuals for the use of their own classes to bring them to the Sunday-School Society. The Society would gladly publish any good manual, and such manuals, especially if adapted to the wants of younger classes, were needed to supplement those which have been so long in use, and thus afford variety.

Mrs. Wells added a word to what Mr. Spaulding had said. Teachers need not be afraid to try their hand at preparing a text-book. It was not the most gifted person who could prepare the best text-book. It was that person who understood best the needs of the scholars. Mr. Spaulding then retired, and Mrs. Wells introduced Miss Lucia M. Peabody of Boston, who read a paper upon the one-topic system, which is used in the Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

Miss Peabody said no system should be cast-iron. There should be freedom while there was unity. Some system was necessary while so many young people taught in the Sunday-school, who had not the experience needed for the work and required assistance. Her reasons for preferring the one-topic system were fourfold. (1) Unity. Unitarians had held too much to separation. Only in unity was strength; the fact that all were studying the same lesson was inspiring. (2) The general lessons of the superintendent were then always fitted to the lesson of each class. (3) Teachers' meetings were more profitable, as all teachers had the same lesson. (4) Greater help could be given to the teachers, as the success or failure of one teacher would help the others. Unity need not exclude variety nor signify monotony. Her motto would be, "Guidance and direction with freedom."

Mrs. Frederick Winsor, of Winchester, then read a paper upon the advantages of the graded system, prefacing the reading by the remark that she had been almost converted by Miss Peabody's paper (the strong point of which was *unity*), and should need a little time to collect her views, but would give the paper as she had written it. The graded system was the more difficult of the two, and meant more hard work. There were almost no helps for the teacher, who could never be absent because no one could fill her place. But she believed in progression and in the enthusiasm which that awakes, and for that reason advocated it. The Bible is the foundation of all religious teaching (not the *only* religious book, but the *best*), and so should be studied in a systematic manner. Many subjects related to religion are also necessary for a well-educated person to know, and if instruction in these was not obtained in the Sunday-school, it would not be obtained at all. She did not mean to place sacred history or doctrinal instruction above character; that was always to be kept in mind and taught with every lesson, but she believed the other things also important, and that they would add greater interest to the school. There would be something to look forward to, and the mixture of ethics, sacred history, poetry, doctrinal study, etc., gave a variety that kept the scholars from getting tired of the school. She read a letter from Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Newton Centre, who is trying the system in his school. Mr. Wilson was very enthusiastic in praise of it. Mrs. Winsor acknowledged that with the graded system, teachers' meetings could not be very profitable. But could not the same amount of information and assistance be obtained by careful study of books of reference and personal interviews with the superintendent or pastor? She then showed the audience a chart of the system which they are pursuing in Winchester. It was as follows: —

Scholars from five to eight years old form the Infant Class: Oral stories; Cards; Verses; Old and New Testament stories.

9 years. Parables. (Morals.)
10 " Life of Jesus. — *Brown.*
11 " Childhood of the World. First Lessons on the Bible. — *Hall.*
12 " New Testament part of First Lessons on the Bible.
13 " Acts. Lessons on the Life of St. Paul. — *Hall.*
14 " Scenes from Christian History. — *Hale.*
15 " Citizen and Neighbor. — *Dole.*
16 " Unitarian Belief. — *Clarke.*
17 " Religion of Israel. — *Toy.*
18 " Other Religions. — *Everett.*
19 " New Testament.
20 " Church History. — *Allen.*
21 " Higher Life. — *Winkley.*

Through all this course the learning of religious poetry was encouraged, which would be a pleasure and a comfort to the scholars through all their lives.

The discussion was then opened. Mrs. C. H. Colburn, superintendent of the Sunday-school at Hopedale, rose to give her voice for the graded system. She did not see why unity could not be obtained by the graded system as well as by the one-topic system; it seemed to be in the secular schools.

A lady from Rev. S. H. Winkley's Sunday-school said that as they used the one-topic system it was virtually graded. They held three teachers' meetings every week, and the teachers were there taught how to adapt their instruction to the different classes.

Mrs. Emily O. Kimball, superintendent of the Sunday-school at Hartford, Conn., told the ladies of a meeting of Methodists which she had recently attended in Hartford, where the graded system was discussed, and described its fine results as seen in a very large school of one thousand pupils (at Waterbury). That school was divided into five grades, with several classes in each grade. She believed even small schools could be graded and that it would be for their benefit.

Miss Peabody rose to say that no system could be best for all schools. The school of the Church of the Disciples was almost entirely a mission school, and the scholars were changing all the time. A school consisting only of the parish children, where the same scholars would be kept from the ages of five to twenty-five, would need a different system. The one-topic lessons were not used with them for the Infant Class. That class was taught in a separate room, and any teacher of advanced classes, who chose, could pursue a different study. The system was and should be elastic.

Miss Gardner, of Boston, teacher in a mission school, agreed with Miss Peabody. She did not see how a graded system could be used in such a school, and she gave an account of her troubles which excited the interest of every teacher present. She had no solution to the problem to offer, but she felt there was something wrong with the present no-system, and had come there for help. She deplored especially the neglect of doctrinal teaching in our schools.

Mrs. Wells gave here an account of a conversation she had once with Mrs. George W. Cable, who had spoken of her husband's anxiety to be always at home over Sunday, on account of his Sunday-school class. She asked her if he taught them doctrines. "Doctrines!" said Mrs. Cable, "he makes them men!" To those who felt their incapacity for the work she would say, it was the average woman who made the best teacher. It is tact, suiting the manner of instruction to the scholar, that makes the good teacher. Unitarianism means character. Unitarian doctrines do not contain *all* the truth, and to arrogate that to ourselves is to show ourselves narrow. Our scholars should be taught liberality and loyalty. As a mother, she would speak of the gratitude mothers felt to the teachers who supplemented the religious instruction given at home.

Miss Helen M. Kimball rose to ask how many mothers really care for what the teachers do, and gave from her experience what she thought betokened entire indifference on their part.

Miss Peabody asked why mothers should care, when from their own remembrance and experience, they knew with how little system and method the schools have been conducted. If we want the mothers to care, we must make the schools worthy of their interest. While she agreed with Mrs. Wells that liberality and loyalty were to be taught our pupils, she felt with Miss Gardner that some doctrinal teaching was necessary. In the past, there is nothing Unitarians have been so afraid of, as teaching their own doctrines. Liberality did not and should not mean indifference.

Mrs. Kimball acknowledged that parents were indifferent, and they were so because the instruction was poor. It was necessary to make Christianity *fresh*, and in no way could it be presented so well as under the graded system. Some attempt at that should be made.

Mrs. Colburn was obliged to bear witness not only to the indifference of parents to the Sunday-schools, but also to the need of doctrinal teaching in our denomination.

Mrs. Wells approved of the graded system because religious education was also intellectual education. It was something to be apprehended by the brain. It would also put the Sunday-school teachings on an intellectual plane, and force the appreciation of the parents.

The hour for adjournment having been reached, the presiding officer put the question whether these yearly meetings should be continued.

Mrs. R. D. Weld, of Jamaica Plain, moved that they be continued.

Miss Peabody offered an amendment to the effect that the meeting should not be held again at the same time with the American Unitarian Association meeting, which all had regretted losing.

Mrs. Wells favored the idea of the meeting of the American Unitarian Association being changed for this meeting, not this meeting accommodating itself to that. She said Sunday-school teachers had apologized for themselves too long. They ought now to assert themselves.

Mrs. Kimball moved a further amendment; that a committee be appointed, by the chair, to confer with the committee of the American Unitarian Association as to the best time for the meeting next year. This motion passed, and the meeting adjourned.

The absence of the Question-Box in this number of Every Other Sunday is owing to the departure for Europe of Rev. E. A. Horton, who has had charge for several months of that department of our paper. Mr. Horton is one of the most faithful of our ministers, and has richly earned his three months' rest. Our best wishes go with him. We are sure that the Sunday-school cause will gain strength with his renewed strength. In the next two numbers of the paper a Question-Box will appear from the skilful hand of Mrs. Kate G. Wells.

TWO NEEDS OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Extracts from a Paper read at the Sunday-School Union Meeting of May 17, 1886, by Colonel Henry Stone.

Two things seem to me clearly needful: one, a larger force of trained teachers; the other, some systematic doctrinal teaching. In every other kind of instruction ample preparation and special training or fitness are demanded, as conditions precedent; but we gladly and from the necessity of the case accept for Sunday-school teachers almost anybody that offers, taking it for granted that nobody would offer who is not fitted for the work. We even beg people to teach, whether we know their qualifications or not. But unless one has some special aptitude, it is not only very hard, but unfair alike to teacher and scholar, to expect one to take a class, off-hand, and to be successful. Yankee ingenuity is equal to almost anything, but an untrained hand could about as easily navigate a ship, as to undertake to teach with interest and profit a class in a mission Sunday-school, without previous knowledge of the work required. How such training is to be had, I do not pretend to say; nor whether the suggestion is one capable of being carried into partial effect. It is so much easier to suggest than to solve problems of this kind.

As to the other matter, — systematic doctrinal training, — it is quite clear to my mind that it ought to have a prominent place in our schools. Here, also, perhaps my inexperience will again manifest itself. But the matter was called to my attention by the statement of several of our best teachers, that their scholars did not know the Ten Commandments. Now, there are some things in the Ten Commandments, as contained in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, which I should not care to teach: as, for instance, the idea that the rules there laid down are to be obeyed because of certain assigned reasons, or in order that a promised reward should be gained, — thus, that the Sabbath day should be kept, because God rested from the work of creation on the seventh day, or that parents are to be honored, in order that long life may follow such honoring. But the Commandments themselves, freed from such glosses, are good and substantial rules of conduct. So we had printed, and now use, the substance of the Ten Commandments as a regular part of the service, to be read every Sunday in concert. This is supplemented by the great commandment of Jesus Christ. In this way the whole school have the Commandments, and the grand lessons which they inculcate are fixed forever in the memory.

In the Episcopal Sunday-schools, — and it used to be the case in the Evangelical Congregational, — catechisms are used, which set forth in clear and definite language what the church wishes and requires should be learned as the essence of doctrine. This catechism must be learned and recited as a preliminary to confirmation, or admission to the church. As a consequence, every Episcopalian can tell you, in set terms, what he has been taught to believe. I do not know any good reason why, in our Unitarian Sunday-schools, our accepted doctrines cannot be taught in an equally clear and emphatic manner. While there is no authority, as among some other ecclesiastical bodies, of enforcing such a requirement, it certainly seems to me that the fundamentals of our faith might be and ought to be taught in our Sunday-schools, in as concise and clear a manner as in other forms of faith. The days when we had to occupy an apparently negative, or antagonizing position, have happily passed away. What we all believe about God and Christianity, and our duties toward God and man, is capable of definite and acceptable statement. While such a statement should not be made binding as a creed, it could and should be made a guide and help to right thinking and right living. It should be read, as a part of our regular Sunday-school service, at every session, as much as the Lord's Prayer, or the singing of hymns, until every scholar knows by heart, and can repeat without hesitation the grand truths which are the foundations of our faith and our hopes.

I know the objections, easily and plausibly raised, against the carrying out of such a scheme. But the longer I live, the more I am convinced that nothing can take the place of such definite, constant, brief statement of doctrine. In my youth I was required to learn the Assembly's Catechism. I hated it, and some of its teachings seemed to me then, as now, unspeakably dreadful. But on the whole, I am sure it did me good, bad as it was and is. When I think how, by the same methods, the blessed and helpful doctrines by which we live would be taught so that children would not fail to receive them into their hearts and memories, it seems to me that a serious and earnest effort ought to be made to formulate and introduce them into every one of our Sunday-schools.

Our Book Table.

Class A.

Books for Youngest Pupils.

Convalescence. Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing. Depicted by R. André. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp. 32. Price, 30 cents.

> "The courage that dares,
> And the courage that bears
> Are really one and the same."

This is the text upon which Mrs. Ewing has made her quaint little poem, which in its setting seems to be more illustration than poem, but in its reading proves to be more of a little sermon than either. It is just the book to be given to children in whom "convalescence is fairly established." The illustrations will amuse them, and the little poem will be appreciated by them. Mrs. Ewing's sister says of it: "It bears traces of the deep sympathy she had learned for ill health through her own sufferings."

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Juliana Horatia Ewing and Her Books. By Horatia K. F. Gatty. With a Portrait by George Reid, R. S. A., sixteen illustrations from sketches by J. H. Ewing, and a cover designed by Randolph Caldecott. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp. 88. Price, 30 cents.

All those who have read Mrs. Ewing's books (and who has not?) will be exceedingly interested in this book, which introduces to them the lovely woman who has so long written not only for their amusement, but for their spiritual help. She was just such a woman as one would have supposed her to be, — unselfish, pure, devout. Wherever her books stand on the library shelves, this one should be beside them.

Dearer Than Life. A Tale of the Times of Wiclif. By Emma Leslie. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. pp. 302. Price, $1.00.

This book is all it claims to be, — a simply-written story of those stirring times of the great divine. Just at this time of "labor agitation," the condition of the common people in Wiclif's century, which is touched upon in the story, is particularly interesting. The main object of the book is to make Wiclif and his times real to its readers, and that it does.

Marvels of Animal Life. By Charles Frederick Holder, Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. pp. 230. Price, $2.00.

The author of this book could well be called "the friend of the friendless," for he has chosen some of the least interesting, if not the most repugnant, forms of animal life as his subject. He tells many interesting and curious things about these creatures, hoping thereby to stimulate his readers to further investigation for themselves. The book cannot fail to interest even where it does not attract. The illustrations are many and excellent; and the book is printed on heavy paper, in clear type that is a delight to the eye.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

Glimpses of Three Coasts. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 418. Price, $1.50.

The "three coasts" are those of the United States, Great Britain, and Europe; California and Oregon on the first, Scotland and England on the second, Norway, Denmark, and Germany on the third. To one who has visited the places Mrs. Jackson writes about, her articles are delightful for the memories they stir; to one who has yet to go, they will give an added desire for travel. The book is written in an easy style of narration, where vivid word-pictures of scenery alternate with interesting and pathetic bits from the human lives she touches in her travels, — bits which present more forcibly than anything else can the peculiar customs of the different nations, with the unchanging human heart that is the same all the world over. Her little stories lend a great human interest to the book, and their style is quite her own. Altogether it is most delightful reading.

The Two Voices. Poems of the Mountains and the Sea. Selected by John W. Chadwick. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co. pp. 209. Price, $1.00.

Every true lover of poetry will enjoy this book, for there is no true lover of poetry who does not love the mountains and the sea. The book is neat in form and of a pleasant size to handle, which is always much in a book that is to be turned to often, — as this will surely be by any one who owns it. The reader will not find here many old favorites, but many poems that will become favorites, — which is, of course, what Mr. Chadwick intended.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price will be *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their school.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.